

# Pokemorphs

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Summary: I don't know how many other people came up with Pokemorphs, but this is mine, so enjoy!

## 1. Default Chapter Title

### Pokemorphs #1: The Gift

Some people never change. Others have to...

Plot: A basic parody of the first Animorphs book, with some pleasant twists and a really kick-@\$\$ battle.

#### CHAPTER 1

Hi, I'm Adam. That's pretty much all I can tell you. For now, anyways. Maybe, someday, when the world's safe, I can tell you my full name. And where I live. Until then, you'll have to make do with just my name.

And no, I'm not a paranoid freak. Well, at least, I don't think I am. But maybe I should get that checked out. Anyways, I am fearful for good reason. There is evil among us. I don't mean the gangster-land-greedy-ambitious-mean-tough-bad-guy evil. I mean PURE evil.

Ever heard of the Bleerks? Well, of course you haven't. Okay, then I'm just going to let the whole thing explain itself. It all started one night...

"So what do you guys wanna do?" Steph asked. She's my cousin, although we're not that alike. I'm a medium-height dark-haired Chinese-American boy. She's a tall blond white girl. Don't ask me why we're related. Some distant family connection, I guess.

I'm pretty average. I've got a sizable group of friends, and no bullies pick on me. I've never been able to figure out why, since a

lot of other kids my size get picked on. So, as I said, I'm pretty average. On the other hand, Steph is one of those gorgeous leggy supermodel types. Guys drool over her. But despite her good (who am I kidding, great) looks, Steph isn't conceited and caught up in her own little world. She's quite nice and unselfish. However, she can get very aggressive.

Then, there's Mark. He's a bit shorter than me. He's an African-American who loves joking around. He's also my best friend. Again, don't ask me why. We're nothing alike. I like joking around too, and I have a decent sense of humor, but not like Mark. The guy is non-stop goofy 24 hours a day, whereas I'm usually calm and...normal. He thinks he looks cute and handsome, and he does, but not as much as he thinks.

Next up is Jen. She's Chinese-American like me, but more mixed and more white than me. She's sensitive, caring, benign, wonderful...

Oh, heehee. Oops. I, um... Never mind.

The last one that was with us was Jack. None of us really knew much about him on that fateful day. In fact, none of us were really that close with each other. We just decided to hang out. Pure dumb luck. So anyways, Jack was Steph's height. Like her, he was white and had blond hair. He seemed kind of shy and reserved, but with an air of mystery around him.

What else can I tell you? Well, I can tell you that pokemon inhabit our world. They're creatures that we use for battling and keeping as pets. Jen loves nature. So which means that she loves pokemon. She's our expert on pokemon. Little did we know, that knowledge would come in handy real soon.

"The mall?" Mark suggested.

I shrugged. "Fine with me. Jack?"

"Um, sure."

"Jen?"

Jen sort of wrinkled her nose up in a cute way. Well, at least I think it's cute. "You guys decide."

See, Jen doesn't like malls. Steph loves malls and shopping. And yet she and Steph are best friends. Doesn't that strike you as insanely weird? Still, it would be nothing compared to the weirdness that we would experience that day.

"The mall it is then," Steph decided.

I sighed. "But it's a 20-minute walk from here."

Jack spoke up. "I know a shortcut. It's an abandoned construction site."

There's something about an abandoned construction site. It's creepy and feels weird. And everyone knows that YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO GO INTO ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITES. That's like a fundamental rule.

Stupid us. We ignored the rule. If we'd only just look the long way to the mall, everything would've been avoided. But fate decreed that we would visit that place at that time on that day.

So we were walking along, minding our own business, when suddenly, we all sensed something. I could tell, because everyone stopped. It was like there was an aura that appeared out of nowhere.

"You all feel that?" I asked.

"Yeah. But what the heck is it?" Mark wondered.

Suddenly, the air itself seemed to rip apart. I mean it. It just ripped apart, in a flash of brilliant blue. A spacecraft landed. Actually, we didn't know at the time that it was a spacecraft, but what else could it have been? A door opened, and a creature stepped out.

Have you ever watched Hercules or Xena? Have you ever seen those centaurs? This guy was a red centaur, although instead of being half-horse, it was like half-caribou or half-buck deer. Its face consisted of no mouth, two eyes where they should be, and a nose where it should be, although the nose was nothing more complex than a blowhole. Overall, pretty gentle and harmless looking. Then you notice the tail. What a tail.

It was a fearsome-looking 2-feet-long tail. It looked very flexible, yet it was as hard as metal. At the very end, there was a VERY sharp tip. The tip glowed bright red. Red like fire. In all, you did not want to be struck by that tail.

[Don't be afraid,] it said. Only it didn't "say". The message just kind of appeared in my head.

[I am using thought-speak to communicate with you,] the creature informed, predicting our confusion.

"My name's Adam. Who...what are you?" I asked, not fearfully but not exactly confidently either.

[I am Lord Arrengar-Esythrim-Cyrenagunor] the creature spoke. [My race is called the Endelyte. We come from approximately 87,000 light years away from your planet, Earth. I must warn you about a terrible threat to your race.]

"Go on," Jack prodded.

[A race called the Bleerks are here. On your planet. In their natural form, they are gray slimy wormy slithery...] he stopped, trying to find a word to describe a Bleerk.

"Slugs," Mark supplied.

[Yes, slugs,] Arrengar agreed. [However, they have the ability to enter a sentient creature's brain and completely take over the creature. We, the Endelytes, are sworn to defeat these vile slugs and save all of the galaxy's races. Their next target is Earth. Humans. We must stop them from enslaving humans.]

I could scarcely believe my ears. But it was too wild not to be true. This was for real. Holy bejeezus, THIS WAS FOR REAL!

Suddenly, Jen noticed a deep cut on Arrengar's left flank. "You're hurt."

Arrengar nodded and did a sort of thought-speak wince. [I was part of the Endelyte force assigned to destroy the 4 Bleerk Motherships. A Bleerk Knife ship surprised us, and we were shot down. I escaped, wounded. It will be at least 5 years before another Endelyte force is able to come.]

"You say that the Bleerks will come here--" I began.

[They're already here. From what we know, some humans have already been enslaved. They are called Controllers. Most are taken by force. But some fools actually cooperate with the Bleerks. These are Collaborators,] Arrengar interrupted.

"Well, then, if the Endelyte force to Earth is gone, and it'll be at least 5 years until another one gets here, we'll going to need to be able to hold the Bleerks off for 5 years. Mr. Arrengar, we're going to need firepower," Steph stated.

Arrengar paused for a moment. Then he went inside his damaged ship. He came out with a red box. [All of you, touch it.]

We looked at each other and shrugged. We all touched it. Suddenly, a strange tingling passed through my body. Weird.

[We Endelytes have a special ability. We can acquire the DNA of any creature that we touch, and then become that creature by morphing. I have now given you that ability. The power is within you. That is all the help that I can give you. Morphing will be strange at first. You have to be in your normal state first before you can morph into another creature. But most important of all, you must not stay in morph for more than 2 hours, or you'll get trapped permanently in the morph, unable to reverse.]

We looked around solemnly. Five kids with morphing powers against an alien invasion force. It would have to do.

Before Steph could complain and/or Mark could make a snide remark, I said, "Thank you for this gift. We will fight to our best."

Then, a high-pitched whining was heard. It sounded like some kind of engine.

[Hide! And take the morph box with you!] Arrengar yelled sharply.

I got the box and we all dove behind a Dumpster. It was dark, so no one could see us.

## CHAPTER 2

A small craft came into view.

[An Arachnid fighter,] Arrengar told us in private thought-speak.

The fighter landed. A creature stepped out. It was...a Scythar?

Arrengar anticipated our confusion.

Another Scythar stepped out. Then a single other creature stepped out. It was...weird. Shaped like an Ekans, but chubbier. It stood vertically, and its total height was about 6 feet. It had 8 sharp feet supporting it at the bottom. Eyes ringed all around its body, near the top. It had two large pincers from arms. Each pincer was also a mouth, ringed with hundreds of sharp teeth.

[That's a Ceteecer. These are all evil Collaborators. Disgusting.]

Then, a final figure stepped out. It was...another Endelyte?

[Konivor One!] Arrengar gasped.

[Hello Lord Arrengar,] Konivor One sneered.

Konivor One said this in public thought-speak, so that everyone could hear. I guess when you're as powerful about him, you don't worry about secrecy much. His voice had an evil, icy tone to it.

As we watched in horror, Konivor One began to morph. It was truly hideous. I could see that Jack was clearly sick, on the verge of throwing up. Eerie crunching sounds echoed through the night as the Konivor transformed. When it was complete, Konivor One was even more terrifying.

The creature that he had morphed into was giant. It had a mouth big enough to fit a small car in. Numerous sharp tentacles slithered about. Then, it attacked!

WHAM! Two tentacles hit Arrengar like whips. Four others grabbed Arrengar and held him steady. The tentacles began moving towards the mouth.

Arrengar struck! FWAP! The tail hit an eye, getting a screech of pain from the creature. Smoke poured out of the wound. Huh. I guess the tip of the tail was fire-hot, after all.

Arrengar struck again. And again. And again. Faster than the eye could see. But Konivor One was winning. It positioned Arrengar over its mouth, opened its mouth, and gave a cold though-speak laugh. Then it dropped Arrengar in.

[AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRGHHH!!] Arrengar screamed as the creature ate him alive. I will remember that scream for the rest of my life.

"Let's go," Jen suggested in a whispered. She sounded like she'd been crying. I realized that there was a tear on my cheek, too. I quickly wiped it away.

We all agreed. Silently, we slipped away.

CHAPTER 3

That night, I dreamed the entire scene all over again. Arrengar's appearance, him telling us about the Bleerks, him giving us the morphing power, his bravery as he fought Konivor One, and finally his death scream.

I woke up in a cold sweat. Had I dreamed the whole thing? Yeah, probably. I mean, it was too whacked out to be real.

Wasn't it?

But Arrengar's last scream was stuck in my head, and, try as I might, I couldn't get it out. No. It was too real to have been a dream. Oh God.

I tried to decide what to do. Yeah, I had a morphing power, but I didn't know if it worked. And if I did fight and something happened to me, what would my mom and Dave, my little brother, do? Since Dad passed away in a car crash, we've all been counting on each other. I couldn't leave them behind.

Oh well, first things first. Time to see if the morphing power worked.

What was it that Arrengar had said? Touch a pokemon and acquire its DNA? Okay, time to test that out on Scratch, the family Meowth.

I stepped quietly, not wanting to wake Mom or Dave. Scratch always slept in the kitchen, so I crept there as silently as possible. There he was, sleeping.

But Meowths had much better hearing than humans. My footsteps awakened Scratch. His eyes opened and he let out a quiet "Meowth".

"Hey, Scratch, c'mere for a sec," I urged.

Scratch obeyed. He came over here and looked at me questioningly.

"Yeah, well, I'm confused too," I muttered. I reached out and touched his head, then concentrated on an image of him inside my head. I felt a strange tingling. Not unpleasant, but definitely strange. Scratch got calm and trancelike.

Had I successfully acquired a Meowth? Only one way to find out.

I went back to my room and closed the door. Then I stood in front of the bed and concentrated on the Meowth inside me. I began to feel the changes.

I guess I did well enough for my first time morphing, but man, it was weird! I felt whiskers spring out as my face got furry and cat-like. Sharp claws grew out of my nails. Then, I began shrinking. I could hear my bones crunching and my internal organs squishing as they shrunk and re-arranged. It was unpleasant, but not painful. In fact, the entire morphing process didn't contain the slightest pain. Just unpleasantness.

Finally, I was a Meowth. Then, I felt the Meowth mind emerge.

Playful! Meowths were playful! String! I ran over to a piece of string and began rolling around in it.

Wait a minute. I was Adam, a human, not a Meowth. I seized control of myself again. But man, it had been so wonderful to feel that joyous and carefree.

\Oh well. Maybe some other time.

I concentrated on a picture of myself in my mind. Me, the human. And I felt the changes began.

Demorphing was as weird as morphing, if not more so. Later on, I would learn that the morphing and demorphing processes are unpredictable. One time, you would shrink/grow first, then change. Another time, you would change first, then shrink/grow. Or, most likely, you would do some combination of the two and look like a horribly mutated freak until you were done morphing.

Unfortunately, I had morphed out of my clothes, and I put them back on. However, my underwear had morphed as a part of me. It was probably because the underwear was skintight. I filed that away in my mind for now, and tried to sleep.

The next day, I saw Mark, Jen, and Steph together. I walked over and met them. "Hi."

"Hi. Jen thinks that we should talk about the bullies," Steph said cryptically.

Bullies? Did she mean the Bleerks? Why not just come out and say it? Then I understood. Controllers were all around us, no doubt. We had to be careful.

"Agreed. I'll get Jack and we'll meet in Jen's barn after school," I said. Jen's parents are wildlife researchers. They own a regular house, but they also have a barn here they keep sick and injured wildlife. They treat the pokemon and then rehab them. Jen's parents also own a small forest surrounding the house and the barn. Jen's mom owns an amusement park/zoo in part of the forest. The place is called The Edens. Many endangered species live there.

And so it was agreed. We would meet after school and discuss our gift/curse.

#### CHAPTER 4

And so, there we were, the 5 of us, after school, in Jen's barn. Two Pidgies, a Spearow, a Pigeotto, a Vulpix, and three Rattatas were currently in there. Jen was tending to their injuries and feeding them.

"So, uh, is there anybody here who thinks that this is just a bad dream?" Mark asked.

No one raised their hands.

"Is there anybody here who wishes that this is just a bad dream?"

We all raised our hands.

"So, what do we do about it?" I asked.

"Well, we can't just sit and do nothing. Arrengar gave us the morphing power for a reason. We gotta fight," Steph spoke up. Typical aggressive Steph.

"Maybe we should wait and do nothing. After all, what can we really do?" Jen suggested. Typical conservative Jen.

"Doing nothing will not help. We've got to face the facts: we alone stand between the Bleerks and domination of Earth," I said. Typical realistic me.

"Oh, very smart idea. I know! Let's go looking for Konivor One again! We can put him to sleep by singing like Jigglypuffs, then we can morph into Rattatas and bite him and pray that he doesn't wake up and kill us all with that big ol' stinger," Mark remarked. Typical sarcastic Mark.

"Wait wait, we don't even know if the morphing power works," Jack pointed out.

"Yes we do. I morphed Scratch last night," I said.

Everyone stared at me. "You morphed Scratch? Really?" Mark asked.

"Yeah."

No one said anything for a few minutes. Finally, Jen spoke up.

"Alright. So let's take a vote to decide whether we should be in this fight or not."

In the end, it was 3 on 2, in favor of getting into the fight. Jen and Mark both voted no, while everyone else voted yes. I understood Jen's reason -- she was peaceful. I also understood Mark's reason -- his parents were both dead and he was living with his uncle. His uncle was a poor, lonely man, and if something happened to Mark...

Still, it was our planet. Our family and friends. We had to do something.

"Okay. Now, let's go to The Edens. There's got to be some powerful pokemon there, and we need firepower," I ordered.

On our way out, Mark muttered, "Pokemorphs. That's what we are."

## CHAPTER 5

We reached the Edens after a short walk. Before we had gone, I had ordered everyone to get skintight morphing outfits. In addition, we had all acquired a Pigeotto, a Spearow, a Vulpix, and a Rattata morph.

It was night, and Jen had keys, so we got in easily enough. Still, we had to be careful -- there were one or two night guards.



"Split up," I whispered. "Acquire whatever you can. Be careful."

And so we split up. We all had been here before, and we had maps with us, so we had pretty good ideas of where we were going. I began thinking. Firepower. Firepower. Hmm. Bingo! I headed towards the Arcanine cage.

The Arcanine cage was constructed of solid titanium alloy, because the fire that Arcanine spits is HOT, and anything less would melt. I took out the key that Jen had given each of us and opened the door.

Carefully, I stepped in. Where was it? I breathed quickly and quietly. This was insane! I could die at any moment. Why was I even here?

Then, I noticed it. A mass of orange and black. 350 pounds of raw power. A young Arcanine, probably in his early twenties if he had been a human. I approached it tentatively, being as quick and quiet as possible.

Then, it looked at me. And I froze. This creature could've crushed me at any time, had he been inclined to do so. So, desperately, I lunged. My hand touched the Arcanine, and it suddenly got very still. The Arcanine was in the acquiring trance. I had done it! But I had to leave quickly, since the trance only lasts for a little while.

I quickly ran ousted and locked the door. Then I wandered off, looking for more firepower.

In the end, I got an Arcanine, a Wartortle, and an Electabuzz. There were more powerful water pokemon than Wartortle, but I thought Wartortle was the perfect balance between flexibility and power. In addition, it could battle on land; not many water pokemon could do that.

Mark got a Primeape and an Ivysaur. Steph got a Rhydon, a Magmar, and a Pinsir. Jen got a Kadabra and a Butterfree. Jack got a Vaporeon and an Onix.

"Now what?" Mark asked when we were back in Jen's barn.

"We wait, I guess," I replied.

That was all we could do.

## CHAPTER 6

4 days later, something happened. It was after school, and we were doing our homework at Jen's house. Well, at least some of us were. Jack and Steph had gone out to scout the area in their Pigeotto morphs. We had agreed that we needed to keep an eye on the area and wait for the Bleerks to show themselves.

After an hour or so of flying around, Jack and Steph suddenly came back. They flew neatly through an open window, landed, and demorphed. Fortunately, both of Jen's parents were out.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"An army is headed towards the Edens. About 20 Scythors and 30 Ceteecer. The Ceteecer soldiers are each carrying some kind of laser beam weapon," Steph informed us.

"The Edens? What would they want there?" Jen wondered out loud.

I put my brain to work. Aha! I knew what the Bleerks were up to. "They're going to destroy the Edens. They know that a group survived Konivor One's encounter with Arrengar, and they think that the group is a bunch of Endelyte survivors. They think we're Endelytes. They know that Endelytes can acquire morphs, so they want to destroy any source that would give us morphs to acquire. The Edens is a zoo, so it's the most logical place."

Jack nodded. "That makes sense."

Jen was horrified. "They're going to kill all of those innocent pokemon?"

"Looks like it," Steph muttered, obviously furious.

"Let's go," I decided.

"To where?" Mark asked.

"To battle-test our morphs," I replied.

Everyone looked at me, shocked. "We can't take on that force!" Mark exclaimed.

"Yes we can. Look, if we can't beat these guys, we're never going to defeat the Bleerks. Think of it as a test. If we pass, Earth has hope. If we fail, Earth is gone," I calmly told everyone.

"Let's do it!" Steph yelled.

"Says Xena," Mark sneered.

But in the end, in was unanimous. We were going into our first battle.

## CHAPTER 7

We got into our Pidgeotto morphs and flew on an intercept course for the Bleerks. We landed about a mile from them, in dense forest. There, we demorphed and rested a while before morphing again -- morphing too much is exhausting.

I went into Arcanine morph. Mark got in Ivysaur morph. Jen morphed into a Kadabra. Steph used Rhydon. Jack became a Vaporeon.

We were ready for the pokemons' minds, so we gained control of our morphs right away. Still, I loved being an Arcanine! The power! The liquid grace! The utter confidence and fearlessness! I was 350 pounds of moving death. No one challenged me and lived to talk about it!

[This is so cool! Hey wait a minute, did I just thought-speak?] Steph

exclaimed.

[You sure did. We can thought-speak when in a morph,] I observed.

[Man, I love this Vaporeon! So calm, in control, and agile!] Jack yelled.

[This Kadabra seems very sure of itself, too,] Jen said.

[Ah, well, this Ivysaur's okay.] Mark, of course.

The Bleerks approached. Arrengar was right when he said that these Scyther were smarter than our Earth Scythers. We could hear them talking as they approached. The Ceteecer talked too, but their talking was incoherent gibberish, so we didn't know what they were saying. And we didn't particularly care. They were going down, and that was all there was to it.

They came closer. When they were about 500 feet away, Steph's giant Rhydon form accidentally broke a twig. It snapped. The Scythers rapidly spun around, alarmed. The Ceteecer didn't have to turn, because they had eyes on all sides. They all began searching for the source of the noise.

It was now or never.

I let out a thunderous roar that surprised even myself. I was sure that every creature within 10 miles had heard and fled. We leapt forward from cover, surprising the Bleerks on their left side.

BAM! I slammed into a Scyther, breaking off one of his blade arms. He lay still, green blood oozing out. I saw another Scyther rushing at me. Scythers have wings, and they can run REALLY fast. This guy was coming at me like a bullet train. However, my Arcanine mind knew no fear. It was concerned, even worried, but not afraid. "ROOOOOOOOOOAR!" My roar froze him in his tracks. I used Flamethrower and spit out a long plume of fire. It toasted the Scyther and a Ceteecer behind it.

SIIIIIIIING! A Scyther's blade arm slashed into my side. Pain. Irrelevant. He dared to challenge me? "Well, I'll show him that messing with an Arcanine isn't a very smart idea!" I thought. Body Slam time.

The thing with Arcanines is that they're incredibly powerful. They are large and heavy. But they're also VERY graceful. I jumped up into the air and slammed my 350 pounds on a Scyther, squishing him into green goo.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my friends in action. Mark, whipping Scythers and Ceteecers with his long vines. Jack, freezing a Scyther in mid-air with an Ice Beam. Jen, using psychic power to slam Ceteecers all over the place. And Steph, ramming anybody who got in her way. I returned my attention to my own fighting. WHOOOOSH!! I toasted another Scyther with a Flamethrower.

The Ceteecers fired their weapons, called Scorpio Beams. Only Steph, somewhat clumsy in her Rhydon morph, was hit. But her tough metal-like hide was not easy to penetrate, and while the wound was

considerable, it wasn't life-threatening.

We were winning! We were biting, ramming, shooting, and slamming Bleerks all over the place. They were no match for us. They had been caught off guard, and were in no shape to fight us. Bleerk after Bleerk bit the dust, unconscious or dead.

## CHAPTER 7

Then, another creature came into view. I had never seen this creature before. It looked like a Beedrill or Venomoth, but much bigger. It had 8 pairs of arms, each tipped with a stinger. Fire burned on the stingers' ends. The mouth contained two long and ugly whips with thousands of sharp spikes. The tongues, I guessed. I realized that this was Konivor One in morph.

The Arcanine inside me was now worried. It doubted its ability to defeat this creature. And I was doubting, too. Seriously doubting.

All of the wrecked Scyther and Ceteecer bodies beamed up. I think they were transported to one of the Bleerk Motherships. After all, the Bleerks couldn't afford to leave evidence that there was an invasion of Earth going on.

[Konivor One!] Steph yelled in private thought-speak to us. We decided not to talk to Konivor One. He thought that we were Endelytes, and that was perfectly fine with us. If we gave away our true identities, the Bleerks would be able to hunt us down very quickly. We were afraid that if we said something, we would give away the fact that we were humans.

[Yes, Endelyte fools. It is I, Konivor One,] Konivor One said, assuming that we knew it was him. And believe me, we knew.

[Get him!] I ordered.

We went into action. First, we had to immobilize him. Jen used her Disable attack, which should've froze Konivor One in mid-air. But Konivor One was strong, and he broke out easily.

[Mark, Vine Whip!] I ordered. Mark reached out with Vine Whip, wrapping his vines around Konivor One. But 4 of Konivor One's 16 arms thrust down on the Vines. SLICE! The fires on the arms' stingers' tips easily burned through the vines.

[Ahhhhhhh!] Mark cried in anguish.

I cursed mentally. Well, there was one more chance to paralyze Konivor One. [Jack, Ice Beam!]

An Ice Beam flew out. Konivor One dodged. Another one flew out. Konivor One dodged again.

Then, Konivor One struck back. He dived and plunged all 16 arms into Steph. WHAMMM!!

I can only imagine how painful it must've been for Steph. She let out a scream and sank to the ground, barely able to move. She weakly crawled back into the thick foliage. Jen went in with her.

Next, Konivor One whipped his two tongues forward. They hit Jack. The spikes sank into his skin.

[Aaarrrrrgh!] Jack screamed from the pain. Then, Konivor One whipped his tongues upward, throwing Jack into the air. He landed in a pond, thank God.

Now, only Mark and I remained. And Mark was injured.

I opened my mouth to spit out fire, but nothing came out! No! I realized with horror that I had run out of fire. This Arcanine was a young one, and it did not have a very big fire sac yet.

[Mark, demorph and remorph, man! You're seriously hurt! Demorphing will heal your injuries! I'll hold him off!] I yelled to Mark.

Konivor One was diving at me now, arms outstretched. That's it, come a bit closer...

I jumped into the air with all my might. CHOMP!! My powerful jaw bit his lower body.

[AAAAAAAARRRRGGGGHH!] he screamed. "That one's for my friends," I thought coldly.

My weight pulled Konivor One down. But not for long. ZIIIIIIIIING! SLICE!! Two stingers sank into my right flank.

The pain! The burning! I let go and fell to the ground.

And then, help came. Jack, Jen, and Steph had demorphed and remorphed into different pokemon. And Mark was hiding behind a boulder, remorphing.

Jen, a Butterfree, raced out. "Free free free!" she called as she flapped her wings, releasing Stun Spore. Bingo! Konivor One was paralyzed, at least for the moment. Steph was a Magmar, and she was hopping mad. She let loose two Fire Punches, scorching Konivor One. An Onix, Jack, slammed his head into Konivor One, knocking him waaaaaaaay back.

Still, Konivor One was not heavily injured. His morph was tough, and he was shaking out of his paralyzed form.

To buy more time, Mark leaped out as a Primeape and did some heavy-duty Thrashing on Konivor One. That damaged and stunned the giant freak of nature.

By now, I was up again. We all knew that we couldn't hope to beat this creature. Our attacks were only buying us time to get away.

Jen slammed Psybeams into Konivor One while Steph kept Fire Punching. My fire sac was now half-full, and I wasn't about to let it go to waste. I yelled.

Everyone got away from Konivor One, and I let loose a Fire Spin. A column of fire shot out of my mouth and completely surrounded the

evil morphed Endelyte. It squeezed tightly, both burning and immobilizing Konivor One.

[Let's go!] I yelled. We ran, demorphing along the way. Then we remorphed into Pigeottos. It was very hard. We were so tired. But finally, we completed the morphs and flew away to Jen's barn.

## CHAPTER 8

The next day, we met after school in Jen's barn.

"Man, I had nightmares last night," Jack told us. "This is freaky."

I nodded. "Yeah. But we have to keep doing it. For Earth."

"Yes, Fearless Leader." That was Mark.

I got embarrassed and looked down at the ground.

"So we keep fighting. And we never tell our secret to anyone," Steph spoke up.

We all agreed. Even Mark, although he did so somewhat reluctantly.

"Hey, Mark, what did you call us that day? The Poke-whats?" Jen asked.

"Pokemorphs," Mark replied.

"Cool. I like it," Steph remarked.

"I'm glad that pleases you, Warrior Princess," Mark told her. We all laughed while Steph smacked him on the head.

And so, that's us. The Pokemorphs. Destined to fight the Bleerks alone for 5 years. Starting from the day that we met Arrengar, our lives changed forever. Fortunately, we could change with them. Literally.

## 2. Chapter 2

Pokemorphs #2: The Pool

Jack's getting a little yellow...

Plot: The Pokemorphs have found an underground Bleerk pool. Canning it would put a major crick on the Bleerks' plans. But the pool is heavily guarded, and even the Pokemorphs' most powerful forms might not be enough. Also, Jack's in some trouble...

## CHAPTER 1

Hey there, I'm Jack. What I'm about to tell you may shock you. There are aliens invading this planet. They're called Bleerks, and they're evil little slugs that can crawl into a person's head and control that person. They've already taken over the Scythers and the Ceteecer.

Their next target: Earth.

In fact, they've already taken over some people. It could be as few as a hundred, or as many as several million. I don't know for sure.

No, I'm not crazy. It's all true. And, in addition, I can also morph.

Ah, interested, aren't you? You see, the Endelytes are sworn enemies of the Bleerk. They tried to defend Earth, but their task force was destroyed. It'll be another 5 years until another task force can come. In the meantime, a dying Endelyte lord gave my friends and I the ability to morph into any pokemon that we touch. But we can't remain in a morph for more than two hours -- if we remained in morph for two hours and one minute, we would be premanently stuck in morph. Our number one Bleerk enemy, a Konivor/general named Konivor One, has an Endelyte host and is very powerful. He thinks that my friends and I are a bunch of marauding Endelytes, and that's perfectly fine with us. If we blew the curtain, we'd be hunted down to our homes and destroyed faster than you can say, "Oops."

And who're my friends? There's Adam, our unofficial leader. Mark, our group comedian and Adam's best friend. Jen, the pokemon expert and a peace-lover. And Steph, the beautiful and very aggressive warrior.

Together, we're the Pokemorphs. And together, we fight.

Believe me now? No? Fine. Just see for yourself.

It began one day, when I was over at Adam's house. He had invited me and Mark over for a guy's only pizza party. We were enjoying just being normal. However, that would not last.

The phone rang, and Mark picked it up. "Hello, this the Batcave. Batman speaking."

Adam and I laughed.

Mark listened to something, then said, "Aw come on, gimme a break."

Then, after another pause, he said, "Alright Commisioner Gordon, I'll bring Robin and Nightwing too."

Adam and I cracked up again. After we stopped laughing, Adam asked, "Who was that?"

"Xena. She and Gabrielle want to see us," Mark replied. In other words, Steph and Jen.

Adam sighed. "Okay, let's go."

Before we left, Mark told Adam. "They forgot to fix the Bat signal."

We all laughed again.

CHAPTER 2

Steph and Jen stood before us in Jen's barn. They were giving an impressive briefing.

"Jen and I have been doing some investigating. We've discovered some interesting new intel," Steph began. She motioned to Jen.

Jen cleared her throat. "The Bleerks cannot just live in a host's brain for all of its life. It needs to eat and get nutrients. We've discovered that they need to eat every 7 days."

"No wonder they're so small and skinny," Mark whispered to me.

"When they eat, they climb out of a host's brain and go into a special pool full of nutrients. That's how and what they eat," Jen continued. "The Bleerk brought these giant pools to Earth with their Motherships."

"Cool, eating dinner and swimming in the pool at the same time. I've always wanted to do that," Mark commented.

Steph shot Mark a look more venomous than an Arbok's bite. Then she took over. "We've discovered one of these pools, which is in a huge facility underground. It's under the school."

"Ah ha! I knew the school wasn't built for education! Why else haven't I learned anything?" Mark yelled.

"Because you're dumber than a Psyduck," Steph told him.

"Ha, ha, ha, and ha," Mark retorted.

"Wait a minute," Adam cut in. "How do you know all this?"

"Um, we did some undercover investigation," Jen answered.

"What kind of undercover investigation?" Adam asked.

"We morphed into Digletts and snuck in," Steph said proudly.

"Digletts? Where the heck did you find Digletts?" I asked.

"There were a bunch of them planting some trees by the riverbank. There were a few Dugtrios, too. But they were too big for spying, so we acquired a Diglett morph," Steph replied.

I looked at Adam. "That was pretty smart. My books say that Digletts have an excellent sense of smell, great eyesight, and an excellent sense of vibration. What's more, it can translate any vibrations that it feels into sound."

Steph smiled.

Adam nodded. "Okay. Good work. But everyone, in the future, don't take a risk like that unless everyone knows where you're going. We have each other. Let's not forget that."

We all nodded. The boss had a point.



"If we're going to hit the place, we need more intel. I say we go on a reconnaissance mission. We'll all acquire ground-type morphs and dig into the place," Adam suggested.

"Sounds good!" Steph replied immediately. Well, duh.

The others, including me, were somewhat more reluctant. A mission into a Bleerk pool, solely for reconnaissance? Was it worth the risk? Oh well, Adam was our fearless leader...

We all walked down to the riverbank. We decided that variety might be good, so Steph and I acquired Sandshrews. Mark acquired a Diglett. And in case we needed some firepower, Adam got both a Diglett and a Dugtrio.

We all looked around for any other pokemon. Finally, we decided that we had what we came for, and left.

### CHAPTER 3

The wait was nerve-wracking. We were all staring at the clock, trying to will it to go either faster or slower. Faster in Steph's case, and slower in everyone else's case. Steph was in most of my classes, and we exchanged nervous looks.

Finally, school was out. Morphing was no problem for us, since we wore skintight morphing outfits under our normal clothes. Plus, Adam would morph into Pidgeotto first and hide our clothes somewhere safe.

And so we morphed. I was prepared for the Sandshrew's brain, and I controlled it quickly. Its mind wasn't overpowering, but it was very wary. Wary and cautious of everything around it. It was sure of itself, but careful nonetheless.

[Everybody in control?] Adam asked. He was now fully Pidgeotto.

One by one, everyone said, [Yeah.]

[Let's do it!] Steph, of course.

Mark and Jen popped under the ground. I looked at Steph and said some gibberish. I think she knew that I was trying to give her encouragement.

We both jumped up, flipped mid-air, and dove into the ground headfirst. BAM!! We drove through the concrete. We were underground.

How could I ever describe the sensation? It was like a wild rush. I couldn't see anything in front of me, since the only thing in front of me was dirt and rock. But the Sandshrew brain knew exactly where it was going. So I momentarily receded my hold over the Sandshrew's mind and allowed it to emerge and help me. It was incredible. I could feel everything around me! I could feel Mark and Jen plowing through the ground, about 2 feet in front and a foot to the right of me. I could feel Steph digging alongside me, about 6 inches away. I could even feel a burrowing earthworm as it passed 3 feet to my left.

Then, we were there. I regained control again and popped up out of the ground quietly in a dark corner. The others popped out with me. Light! I could see again! Two giant lights, on the ceiling. Man, this place was giant! I mean, really giant! It was probably bigger than 10 football fields put together.

[You guys seeing this?] I asked.

[Ye-Yea-yeah] Mark said.

Wait a minute. Something was wrong. Mark sounded scared. I mean, the place was big, but it wasn't that scary.

Then my Sandshrew eyes saw them. By the pool, caged like animals. Human men, women, and children. Crying. Yelling. Staring blankly into space. There were hundreds of them, all lined up along the pool. Scythers were also locked up. Only the Collaborator Ceteecers roamed free.

And in the pool, there were thousands up gray slugs swimming around it. Gray, slimy, disgusting slugs, writhing around. I saw a Scyther guard push a little girl's head into the pool. A Bleerk climbed in through the ear into the brain. The whole scene really made you want to blow lunch.

I was furious. What right did they have to enslave an innocent little girl like that? They might as well be killing her. In fact, death is getting off easy when compared to being a host for a Bleerk. They would pay. Every single last one of those vile little slugs

They would pay.

Oh yes, they would pay heavily.

[Hey, you guys there?] It was Adam.

[Yeah man, we're here; the question is where are you?] Mark asked.

[Below you. I'm a Dugtrio. I'll come out to bail you four out in case something goes wrong,] Adam said.

[I have a question,] Jen spoke up. [Why are the two lights over the pool red?]

Good question. And also, the light seemed to turn the water into an unnatural purplish color. Hmm.

[Guys, is there anywhere to demorph?] I asked.

[Yeah. About 50 yards away, a dark spot behind a bunch of craters,] Steph observed.

[Okay, I'm going over there,] I said. Without waiting for questions and comments, I quickly bounded over to the craters. I snuck behind and began demorphing as quickly as possible.

Five minutes later, I had remorphed as a Pidgeotto. Without anyone noticing, I kicked up a bit of dust at a far end of the pond. The

dust blocked the light, turning the small area directly below it from purplish to clear. The Bleerk slugs quickly swam away from that spot. My bird-of-prey eyes had noticed all of this with pinpoint accuracy.

[My guess is that the light provides the water with the nutrients that the Bleerks need. If we can shut down the light, we can probably shut down the whole pool,] I told everyone.

[Okay, great detective work, Jack,] Adam complimented.

[Hold on,] I said. What was in those crates in front of me? One way to find out. I quietly drilled holes using my sharp beak, then peeked inside.

[Looks like alien spare parts for the light. And also a rather big device. My guess is that the rather big device is a spare battery. There must be one like it hooked up to the lights. If not in here, then somewhere nearby. It's the power source. If we get it, we can shut down this hellhole,] I observed.

[Good work. We got what we came for, everyone. Let's go,] Adam ordered.

We left.

#### CHAPTER 4

Days later, the screams of the enslaved humans in the underground facility were still stuck in my head. The horrors! Man, I was really looking forward to making those slugs pay.

My chance came very soon. I was patrolling the forest as a Spearow. We had decided after our first battle with the Bleerks that we had better keep a close eye on The Edens. There were still a lot of un-acquired pokemon in there.

The Bleerks never tried anything after that first battle, but we were still cautious and constantly patrolled the area.

So anyways, I was flying along, when suddenly I noticed a metallic glint out of the corner of my eye. Curious, I swooped down to see what it was. Ah ha. Two Scyther-Controllers, carrying some kind of tool kit. My Spearow hearing picked up this: "Hurry up! We have to get the maintenance parts into the power station or Konivor One will have our heads! We have to keep the Tansra Device in top condition!"

The other Scyther made a dismissive sound. "I don't see why it's so important to maintain this Tansra Device. We do have a backup one at the poolhouse. If the current one fails, we can just use the backup one."

The first Scyther shook his mantis head. "But if the current one fails, even for a few minutes, the two Tansra lights over the pool will go out and there won't be any nutrients for a few minutes. And that's too long. Most of us would die if we were cut off from Tansra Rays while soaking in the pool, even if we're cut off for only a few minutes. And besides, the crate with the backup device has a hole in it. The device may have been contaminated."

I smiled inwardly. My handiwork.

The other Scyther grumbled something and carried on.

I turned around and headed for Jen's barn.

Half an hour later, everyone was gathered there.

"So, Robin, what did you find?" Mark asked.

I looked at my friends and smiled. "I've been doing my own investigation. Aerial recon. Two unsuspecting Scythers revealed to me that the device that I found the other day is indeed a battery for the lights. It's called a Tansra Device. There's an active Tansra Device at the power plant, and that's how the light's getting power. If we can destroy that Tansra Device, the pool's lights will black out for a few minutes until they can get the replacement Device up. By then, most of the Bleerks would've died from lack of Tansra Rays and nutrients. If we hit the power plant, we'll get a lot of them at the same time."

"Wait, what power plant?" Steph asked.

"The only one in this county. The hydro-electric dam 5 miles from here," Jen told him.

I nodded. "That's right. And I think I can disable the dam's security systems by hacking. I'm an expert at computers, did I ever tell you that? By disabling the dam's security systems, I can prevent the automated alarm from calling the cops. Who knows, some of the cops might be Controllers. I can break in, then transmit a virus into the system. The virus erases itself automatically after 2 hours. That should be enough time to get there, find the Device and fight if necessary, then get out."

Adam nodded. "Let's do it. The sooner the better."

"Not tonight, pa," Mark said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Tis a school night," Mark replied.

Steph snorted. "Fine. Tomorrow's Friday. We can attack Friday night. Except I'd be missing TGIF. Oh man."

I laughed. "Alright. So we'll meet back here Friday after school. I'll bring my Laptop."

Everyone agreed. We were in business.

## CHAPTER 5

On Friday, after school, our first mission was a trip to The Edens to get some aquatic morphs for the ones that didn't have them. Adam and I had our Wartortle and Vaporeon, respectively. Steph had acquired a Dewgong, Jen had gotten a Starmie, and Mark had been stuck with Seaking.

We walked back from the Edens. we really didn't feel like exhausting ourselves by morphing too much. At one point, I got a little seperated from everybody else. Suddenly, I came across a Pikachu.

"Pi-ka-chu," the friendly electric rodent said.

I reached out and touched its head. "Good boy."

I acquired the Pikachu, then rejoined my friends.

Next, I went to work on the laptop. I opened a satellite uplink with the dam, and entered its electronic security barrier.

I snorted. "This thing's only got a Sierra-4 class electronic security barrier That's strictly for amateurs and intermediates." I hacked into the dam's systems in less than a minute.

Finally, I uploaded my custom-made virus file into the dam. "Bingo. The wonders of modern technology. Alright jolly comrades, let's hit it."

We walked outside. After about 10 minutes, we reached the river. We shed everything but our morphing outfits, and jumped into the water. It was cold, but not that cold. We began to morph. My feet became webbed. My face sucked in and sprouted an umbrella-like fin around it. My skin color changed to blue. And a powerful tail emerged. I was a Vaporeon.

I dove forward with a loud "Vaporeon!" I loved the water! I had control of myself, but the Vaporeon's mind was so playful, so joyous when it was in water! All around me, my friends swam forward.

In less than half an hour, we were at the dam. We approached cautiously. My excellent Vaporeon hearing picked up 6 Scyther sentries on the top of the dam. Adam's Wartortle's sensitive ears had also picked up the Scythers.

[Scythers guarding a dam? The people who work here must be Controllers,] Adam told us in private thought-speak.

Then, I heard more footsteps. Human footsteps. 4 humans, most likely with guns, joining the Scythers on the top of the dam. I knew that there were more humans and Scythers at all of the dam's entrances, but I had no idea how many.

[We'll have to search floor by floor. Jack and I will stay in morph and provide cover. Everyone else, demorph and remorph into your battle forms. But make sure that whatever you choose has great senses, because we want to find that Tansra Device ASAP,] Adam ordered.

We all acknowledged his orders, and then went into action. Adam and I kept our eyes and mouths pointed skyward, ready to shoot Bubblebeams and Ice Beams at any of the Scythers patrolling the top of the dam. Steph went into Rhydon morph. She would give us bullet-proof armor protection as we moved through the dam control center's hallways. Jen was perfectly contented to stay as a Starmie. It would give her the opportunity to search under the dam, as well as keep guard. Mark because a Primeape. Speed was essential here, and Primeape was one

fast monkey.

Now, with Jen's Water Gun and Star Freeze attacks ready to fire, Adam and I could now safely change into our battle morphs. After turning back into a human, Adam became a Jolteon. I stayed a Vaporeon, although I did demorph and remorph to reset the two-hour clock. We may very well have the need for a powerful Ice attack like Ice Beam in there. Jen also demorphed and remorphed to reset the clock.

[Do it! Full power attacks! Stun them!] Adam yelled. Jen shot Water Gun out of one of her numerous arms. I rapid-fired Ice Beams upwards, freezing many Scythers into poke-scicles. Adam blasted the other Controllers on the top of the dam with a nasty Thunder. And Steph...well, she charged like a crazed maniac.

The bullets of the human-Controllers' machine guns barely dented her hide as she rammed the main door in. The door had been made of our solid steel. Mark was right behind her, throwing the stunned Controllers around like rag dolls.

Meanwhile, Jen ducked underwater and swam under the dam to avoid bullets from more Controllers that had shown up at the top of the dam. There were a lot of negative ions in the atmosphere today, so Adam had more than enough more to do another Thunder and fry those Controllers.

Then, Jen did an amazing thing. She leaped out of the water, spinning rapidly. She kept going up, up, up, until she reached the top of the dam. She landed right in front of a human-Controller and blasted him with Water Gun. He was knocked over the edge and fell a very long way down.

[Jen, keep them engaged!] Adam yelled. He and I ran into the doorway that Steph had recently "opened". We ran inside. His Jolteon form was faster than me, but I was no slowpoke, either. We caught up to Steph and Mark quickly. By now, we were on the second floor. 3 more floors to go.

[Anything?] Adam asked.

[Uh uh. I tore apart every room in the first floor. My nose picked up nothing, and I have a very sensitive nose,] Mark replied.

Steph didn't say anything. She was too busy acting as our human, er, pokemon shield. We were a strange sight; a Primeape, a Jolteon, and a Vaporeon following a charging Rhydon through a hydro-electric dam control tower. Oh yeah, this was about as weird as weird could get.

[Behind you!] Mark yelled, his nose alerting him to danger.

I turned around and fired an Ice Beam right into a Scyther. He stood there, frozen. A human-Controller burst it, his machine gun raised. He never got a chance to fire. A Thunderbolt from Adam turned him into a pulp of molten flesh.

The main course came at the 4th floor, where the control room was. There were 8 Scythers there, ready and waiting more us. The fight was on.

Steph was awfully bored. Since she was slow and clumsy and the Scythrs were agile and ninja-like, she could do nothing to help.

Adam fired Pin Missile into a Scyther, hitting him with dozens of sharp spikes. He went unconscious and slammed into the big window, broke the window, and fell all the way down. Another Scyther slashed its blade arms into Adam's spikes, but the spikes were too hard to penetrate. The attack overloaded Adam's spikes, and he let loose another Thunerbolt. ZZZZAP!! Two down.

I shot a Water Gun right into a Scyther's chest. He stumbled back. I hammered him with another Water Gun. Then I rammed him with Tackle. The Scyther slammed back against the wall and was knocked out. I whirred around and shot Ice Beam into another Scyther just as he was about to slash me. Another two down.

Mark was...less tactful. He went rampaging around, using Body Slam, Karate Chop, Low Kick, Fury Swipes, and Thrash to knock 2 Scythrs rapidly out of the fight. Then, he got slashed twice by a Scyther. Blood gurgled from the wound, but it didn't faze him the least bit. He dove onto the Scyther and showed him how scary an angry Primeape is.

The last Scyther, obviously scared of his wits, made a wise decision. He jumped out the window, opened his wings, and fled.

Mark sniffed in little. [It's here!]

He walked around a little, and pointed to a bookshelf. [There!]

While Mark demorphed and remorphed to heal his injuries, Steph easily hoisted the bookshelf out of the way. And there it was, attached to the wall. The Tansra Device.

[Good work, Mark,] Adam said, grinning a Jolteon grin at the half-morphed Mark-Primeape. [Steph, take care of it.]

Steph's big horn began spinning around like a drill. She was using Horn Drill attack. BAM!! She slammed the horn into the Tansra Device. It was ripped apart by the immense power of Horn Drill.

[Well, Xena, I'd say that was a bit of an overkill,] Mark observed. He was now fully Primeape, with all of his injuries healed.

Suddenly, a Scyther burst in. What an idiot. Mark grabbed him in a grip that no Scyther could escape. Steph stepped very close to the Scyther, her intimidating 6'3" Rhydon form looming over the Scyther. [You sir, are an idiot.]

[It does not matter that you destroyed the Tansra Device. A separate outlet for the Tansra device has been created in the pool facility. It will be plugged in less than two minutes. You lose,] the mantis pokemon sneered.

[You mean...we did all of this for nothing?] Steph asked, getting very angry.

## CHAPTER 6

I shook my head. [No. Not for nothing.]

Everyone in the room looked at me. By now, "everyone" included Jen, who had come in through the window.

[We've gained a lot of battling experience. I'm going to try something,] I told them. But first things first. I knocked out the Scyther, then shoved him through the window. Now, I began demorphing. Then, dead tired but still very determined, I morphed into Pidgeotto. [Come on!]

Everyone else shrugged and demorphed, then morphed Pidgeotto. They were obviously confused, though. The school was 2 miles away, and at best, Pidgeotto would make it there far too late.

But at Mach 2, Pigeot would get there in time.

[Everybody, I know this sounds whacked-out, but concentrate on evolving. Try to evolve. Be Pigeot,] I instructed, straining with exertion.

One by one, everyone was engulfed in a white glow. We all grew bigger. Sleeker. Faster.

[We did it!] Steph cheered. We were Pigeots.

[Let's go!] Adam ordered. We took off and streaked off at Mach 2.

I'm not exaggerating when I say that we arrived at the school in less than 5 seconds. We morphed into Diglett and Sandshrew and popped out in the pool facility again. We found a dark corner where no one would see us demorph and remorph. If you count demorphing and remorphing as one morphing cycle, then we had all done 4 morphing cycles today in about an hour, and we were doing our 5th one. That was VERY exhausting, and we were trying our hardest to morph again.

We got our party faces on just in time. As we emerged from the darkness, much to everyone's surprise and displeasure, the replacement Tansra device was just about to be plugged in.

[No!] I yelled and extended my huge Onix body. My head slammed into the Tansra Device, knocking it away.

Adam let loose a thunderous roar -- he was an Arcanine. He used Flamethrower, torching a group of Scyther guards.

One Collaborator human stared in absolute shock at Adam. He muttered, "An Arcanine?"

I heard Adam say to him, [Yeah, an Arcanine.]

The guy proceeded to run around the place, screaming like a banshee.

Jen was using her Kadabra psychic powers to smash and bash the



Ceteecer guards. She used Psychic, which sent a huge wave of distorted energy moving towards a group of guards. WHAMM! They were slammed into the wall hard.

After an evening of monkeying around, Mark was in the mood for his Ivysaur morph. He attacked with Razor Leaf, slicing open Ceteecers. Whew, those things really smelled!

And Steph was using her Pinsir morph for the first time. She blocked a Scyther's slash with her head's pincer. Then she caught the Scyther between the pincer and threw it hard. It flew halfway across the facility.

I looked at the Bleerk slugs in the pool. They were dying. Good. Now to make sure that they stayed that way.

I stretched my great body and rammed my horn-tipped head into one of the giant lights. It shattered. Then I did the same to the other light. Now, even if the Tansra device was plugged in, the Bleerks would still die because the lights were destroyed.

I began freeing the captives. I whipped my long rock tail into the cages. The locks easily broke. Relieved people rushed out, scrambling for the door. Of course, the door! We could get out by the door! It probably led to the school's Janitor's closet or soemthing.

Only one thing was preventing that.

Or, more accuractely, one Bleerk.

Konivor One.

## CHAPTER 7

[So, you've managed to find and attack this place. Very impressive for a bunch of Endelyte bandits. Your little attack has ruined this facility and killed 3,587 Bleerks. But it ends here,] Konivor One said coldly.

Then he began morphing.

The creature was some kind of spear-throwing walking bat. Its head looked like a manta ray, its body was like Zubat, wings and all, with one major difference -- this creature's body had holes for launching spears. And oh yeah, he was huge.

Oh boy.

[Do you like it? I acquired this creature from the third moon of the fifth planet of the Ceteecer solar system. It's called a Vorlandak,] Konivor One said with a cold laugh.

He launched 2 spears at Mark. Mark reached out with Vine Whip to block, but the spears had too much momentum for the vines to stop. Mark jumped, narrowly escaping the spears. The Vorlandak shot 4 spears at Steph. PIIIIIIING!! A spear sliced off part of the head's pincer. Fortunately, it didn't hurt Steph.

The Vorlandak fired off another string of spears, this time at Adam. Adam launched a Flamethrower and incinerated the spears. Then he did

a Fire Blast. Fire Blast was the most powerful fire attack. A five-branched cross of fire flew out of his mouth.

Amazingly, the Vorlandak crossed its wings in front of it. The Fire Blast hit the wings. A huge fireball was being blocked by the Vorlandak's wings. The Fire Blast faded, and the Vorlandak's wings weren't the least bit burned! Oh man!

Adam was panting heavily. He had depleted his fire sac. But he felt a sense of responsibility for getting his team to safety. So he kept going.

He jumped up and clamped down on the Vorlandak's right thigh. The giant creature howled in pain. Adam got off, then did a Take Down. He slammed all of his weight into the Vorlandak. It knocked the Vorlandak back a few steps towards the pool. Another Take Down. Another few steps towards the pool.

I suddenly got an idea. I told all of the Pokemorphs, [Get Konivor One into the pool!]

Nobody asked why. They all complied. I felt a sense of pride that they trusted me, what it was quickly overshadowed by my sense of urgency. I began demorphing. Then, when I was small enough, I hid where Konivor One couldn't see me. No need to let him know that I was a human.

I finished demorphing, then tried morphing again. My depleted body protested. This was the of my 6th morph cycle in about an hour, and I didn't know if I had anything left. I was dead-tired from so much morphing and fighting. I just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. But my friends were counting on me. I was a Pokemorph. I couldn't let them down.

So, I tapped into my last reserve of strength and adrenaline. I begin to feel the changes. The cute ears. The stripes on my back. My skin turning yellow. The shrinking. And finally, the lightning-shaped tail that stuck out. I was a Pikachu.

I stepped out just in time to see Adam, Steph, and Mark attack the Vorlandak one last time. To help them, Jen fired a Psybeam into the creature. It stumbled, fell back, and landed in the pool.

I leapt up into the air. "PIIIKAAAAAACHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!"

My strategy had been simple. Water conducts electricity and the pool has water. And it worked. A massive thunderbolt came out of me and slammed into the pool, lighting up the entire place. Konivor One had definitely been zapped into paralysis.

I stumbled, the exertions of the past hour or so finally taking their effect. With a weak "Pi..ka..chu", I fell unconscious.

## CHAPTER 8

I woke up with a start. [Where am I?] Then I realized that I was using thought-speak. I was still in Pikachu morph.

"In Jen's barn," Steph told me. Lie down, you need rest.

[Okay, I'll demorph first,] I said. I made a picture of myself in my mind and focused on that picture. I felt no changes? Huh? Wait a minute, I had been unconscious. Was it possible that...

[Am I over the two-hour time limit?] I asked Steph.

She looked away.

[Steph?]

She looked at me with eyes full of sadness. [Yes.]

I nodded my Pikachu head. [I see.] I sounded much calmer than I felt. I was stuck. Stuck in morph.

Forever.

Or maybe not...

[The morph cube. The red morph cube. Where is it?] I asked her.

She shook her head. "Adam already tried it. It must've been damaged during that night with Arrengar and Konivor One. It doesn't work. You can't get your morphing powers back."

I closed my eyes. [What about my aunt?]

"She's been informed. She's been told that you're missing. That's the official story," Steph answered.

I nodded. [Good. She doesn't really care about me, but at least she knows that I'm missing.]

"Look, Jack, there's still hope. I mean, who knows? We might be able to fix the morph cube one day. And being a Pikachu isn't that bad. I mean, you're cute, you're powerful, and...and..." she trailed off, choked by tears.

I slowly turned my head and looked at her. I liked this girl. A lot. But now I may never have the chance to ask her out. Sadly, I turned my head back to looking at the ceiling. [I know. Steph, thanks for taking care of me. Can I be alone for a while?]

She nodded and left. I heard her softly talking with the others.

But I didn't care. I was stuck. Sure, I was still a Pokemorph, but I was a Pokemorph who couldn't morph. What a nightmare. Even Pikachu's appeal couldn't make up for this. Nothing could make up for being permanently stuck as a pokemon.

I got up and sat down on the doorstep. I looked up and gazed at the stars. [Endelytes, wherever you are, hurry up.]

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Pokemorphs #3: The Trap

This time they're on enemy turf...

Plot: What should've been a successful mission goes horribly wrong as a trap is sprung and the Pokemorph are captured. Now, they are in a Bleerk ship high above the ground, and they must fight their way out. But how?

## CHAPTER 1

Hi, my name is Steph. I'm going to be telling a big part of this story. Then, when I can't tell anymore, my friend Jen will tell you.

I'm sure Adam and Jack have pretty much explained the whole thing to you. If they haven't or you don't understand, I'll summarize. Evil little mind-control slugs called Bleerks have invaded Earth and they can control humans by entering their brains and the Endelytes tried to stop them but an Endelyte task force was destroyed and a dying Endlyte lord gave us the power to morph into pokemon and we have to fight Scythers and Ceteecers which are like tall stumpy Ekans that can stand up and have eyes all around and claws that double as mouths.

Whoo. Okay, deep breath, deep breath. Man, I should restructure that and make it into seperate sentences. But I won't because I don't feel like it.

I'm also sure that Adam and Jack have told you that I am, shall I say, uncontrollably aggressive, or something like that. I'm not really that aggressive. I mean, I don't go around looking for fights. But I do get mad very easily when someone does evil or wrong. And the Bleerks fit that criteria.

Oh yeah.

So, anyways, it was a warm Friday and we were all chilling and hanging around. "We" included me, our leader and my cousin Adam, our group comedian and idiot Mark, our nature-loving tree-hugging pokemon expert Jen, and Jack. Jack was in Pikachu morph for more than 2 hours, and consequently he's stuck permanently. We all feel bad for him. But he can deal with it, and he still contributes whenever he can. Plus, a Pikachu is not the worst form to be stuck in.

"So, this is what it feels like to be normal again," Mark said as we walked towards the movie theater. We didn't know what was playing, and we didn't really care. We just wanted to see a movie. Be normal.

"Yup," Adam agreed.

[Whatever. I'm going to check out some apple trees. This Pikachu mind loves apples,] Jack told us. He bounded off.

We went in to see a Star Wars movie, which was kind of ironic. Here we were, trying to get away from space aliens, and there were space aliens sitting right in front of us. Of course, they were fake, whereas our aliens were all too real.

About halfway through the movie, a loud crash was heard. We all looked around, trying to spot the source of the sound.

And there they were. About 20 mantis-like pokemon with wings and wicked scythe blade arms, standing near the back wall. Scythers. Of course, these were alien Bleerk-controlled Scythers. But these Scythers were indistinguishable in appearance from Earth Scythers, making them the perfect un-suspicious weapons for the Bleerks.

But there was one factor that the Bleerks didn't take into account.

Us.

People started screaming and running around, trying to get out. The Scythers didn't bother with them. They started searching for something.

All of this confusion gave us the perfect cover to morph.

"Okay guys, you know the drill. Let's get these Scythers," Adam said.

"Great. Just great. Do these guys have some kind of homing beacons on us?" Mark complained.

"Let's do it!" Me, of course.

So much for being normal.

## CHAPTER 2

We silently snuck behind a high-elevated viewing box and began morphing. Of course, we had to choose relatively small morphs. We needed firepower, but too much firepower in a crowded theater might hurt someone.

My friends were turning into mutated freaks all around me. Morphing's never pretty. But it's our only tool, and a very useful one.

Adam became a Wartortle. Mark was an Ivysaur. Jen morphed into a Butterfree. And I became a Magmar.

We simultaneously leapt out, launching our attacks. Adam blasted a powerful Water Gun into two Scythers, knocking them out. Mark harassed and weakened the Scythers with Razor Leaf, then whipped forward with Vine Whip at high speed. More Scythers went down. Jen let loose Sleep Powder and Poisonpowder, weakening the Scythers' concentration and poisoning them.

And then there was me. Magmar. A fire-type.

Scythers are weak against fire.

I kicked extreme butt.

BAM BAM BAM BAM!! Four Fire Punches flew out, scorching two Scythers. Then, with lightning speed, I shot a Flamethrower into another Scyther. Then, a Fire Spin wrapped and fried 3 Scythers.

Suddenly, the door busted open and a Pikachu ran in.

"PIKAAAACHUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!"

It shocked every single Scyther in the room, whether it was dead, knocked out, or alive. Scythers are also weak against electricity, especially Jack's. Yup, this was Jack.

The Scythers went down. All of them.

[I leave you alone for a little while and look what happens,] Jack told us.

[We had it under control,] Mark said.

[Let's not worry about that right now. I hear more Scythers outside the building,] Adam cut in.

We ran outside, and saw that the Scythers were digging. It was a weird sight, but the Scythers were definitely digging. They were digging behind the theater, near where we were.

I put both hands together and aimed straight for the Scythers. This was a relatively high-level Magmar, and it was capable of dishing out a lot of punishment. And there was one particular form of punishment that I had in mind.

The fire from my hands and my beak/mouth combined, forming a fiery five-branched cross, which kind of looked like a stick person. I was about to unleash Fire Blast.

I held the huge Fire Blast in my hands and tossed it at the Scythers.

WHAMMM!!! It hit the Scythers. In the blink of an eye, all of the 20 or so of the digging Scythers vanished, incinerated by the Fire Blast.

Smoking.

### CHAPTER 3

[And she does it again, ladies and gentlemen,] Mark said, looking at me disdainfully. [Those Scythers could've given us information.]

I did a thought-speak snort. [Oh yeah, a bunch of Bleerk-controlled Scythers are going to cooperate. Give me a break.]

[Okay, stop it. Let's get out of here and demorph,] Adam ordered.

We went into a dark alley where we were sure no one was watching. We demorphed, then remorphed into Pidgots and flew to Jen's parents forest. Jack rode on my back.

We all demorphed and sat around in Jen's living room. Her parents were out.

"Man, this blows. Another day wasted fighting the Bleerks," Mark whined.

To a certain extent, the whiny little loser was right. We basically had no life other than fighting the Bleerks.

Adam sighed. "All right, let's not go looking for trouble for a while. I say we take a weekend off from saving the world."

"Sounds good to me," Mark replied.

"Okay with me," Jen chimed in.

[No problem here,] Jack voted.

"Well, I guess," I said reluctantly. I kept getting the feeling that I was missing something.

"Yes! The Amazon Queen agrees to take a vacation! It's a miracle!" Mark exclaimed.

I chased Mark around with a broomstick for the rest of the time.

Later on that evening, when I was at home chatting with a few people over Mplayer, Jack suddenly appeared at my window. I said "I'll be right back" into the mic, and opened the window. Jack came in.

[Thanks,] he said, smiling a cute little Pikachu smile.

I shrugged. "Shoot."

[You seemed kind of unsure yourself when you agreed to the weekend vacation. Something wrong?] Jack asked.

I remembered. "Oh yeah. I kept getting the feeling that I had missed something. False alarm, I guess."

Jack shook his head. [Steph, you're not the kind of girl to get a feeling if it wasn't for a good reason. Try to remember what was bugging you.]

I thought hard. Something had definitely given me the feeling that I'd missed something. The question was, what? Then it hit me. "Jack, why were those Scythurs digging?"

Jack's Pikachu face scrunched up in deep thought. [Hmm, good question. It might be important.]

"We should get the others together. Let's go," I said. After all, it was only 8 pm, and everybody was still at least 3 hours before curfew times.

[Alright, we're in business,] Jack said as he jumped onto my shoulder.

I dialed up Adam's number on my room's phone (I was online, but I didn't have to sign off, because I have a cable modem).

His voice came on the line. "This is Adam."

"Adam, it's me. We need to talk," I told him.

Adam made a groaning sound. "At night? After we agreed to take a

break?"

"Come on Adam, this is serious," I said, annoyed.

"Okay, okay. I'll tell everyone to meet at Jen's barn in half an hour. It had better be good," Adam replied.

"Gotcha. See you in half an hour." I hung up and called out, "Mom, I'm going over to Jen's house!"

My mom was used to me going over to Jen's house all the time, so she only replied, "Okay, be back by eleven!"

#### CHAPTER 4

"...So then I get this call from Adam, telling me to come for an important meeting at Jen's barn right away. I get here, and guess who called the meeting. Xena," Mark ranted. It was a half hour later. We were all gathered in Jen's barn.

"Look, I'm sure that Steph has a good reason, right Steph?" Jen said, coming to my defense.

I nodded. "Guys, listen. When we were battling those Scythers outside the theater, didn't you notice anything strange? I mean, they were digging. What on Earth would Scythers be digging for?"

Mark snorted. "That's it? That's your good reason? You interrupted the TV showing of Lethal Weapon 4 for that?"

Adam held up his hand. "Wait, Steph may have a point. If the Scythers are looking for something, then it could be important. We should check it out."

"How?" Jack asked.

"We'll morph into ground-type pokemon and try to track down whatever the Scythers were digging for. Jack, as a Pikachu, you can serve as our aboveground watchguard, in case any Scythers come by," Adam said.

Mark groaned. "Great. Another weekend down the drain."

I grinned at him.

The next day, on Saturday, we met at Jen's barn again. It was 9 o'clock in the morning. The weather was a little misty and reasonably cool. Perfect day for morphing.

"Okay, everyone got the plan down?" Adam asked.

We all nodded. Adam was sober and realistic. I was eager and ready. Jen was worried and cautious. Mark was grumpy and grouchy. And Jack...well, it was hard to tell with him.

We went near the spot where the Scythers had been digging, made sure that no one saw us, and began morphing.

My nose sucked in and became big and oval. My mouth shrunk to almost nothing. My eyes became big. My head, arms, legs, and body all became



joined as one. Short brown fur came up all over my body. And then, I shrunk. I shrunk really fast. After a few seconds, I was a mere 8 inches -- Diglett's are the smallest Pokemon in the world.

Around me, everyone was turning into a Diglett except for Jack and Adam. Adam was turning into a Dugtrio. At 2'4" and weighing in at 73 pounds, Adam could provide heavy firepower with his Earthquake attack if we ran into serious opposition.

[Let's go find some alien junk!] I said as we all popped underground. Adam "popped" lower than us. He went a whopping 50 miles underground. If he needed to, he could go 60 miles underground. From there, he could trigger powerful Earthquakes.

My finely tuned Diglett senses scanned the area around me. I picked up a faint whirring, maybe the power of something that used electricity. It was definitely underground.

[You guys, I'm getting something. Follow me,] I said. I led everyone in the direction of the whirring. The vibrations got stronger and stronger, until there was no way that our Diglett bodies could miss it.

Very abruptly, we hit metal. Or at least what I thought was metal. It might've been alien metal or something.

[What is that?] Jen asked.

[We can't tell what it is until we can see it. Is there any way to get it aboveground?] I asked Adam, since he was our leader.

Adam thought for a while, then said, [Jack, are there any Bleerks around?]

[Nope,] was the reply.

[Okay. Everyone, get clear. I'm going to do an Earthquake,] Adam informed us.

We dug for dear life, going as fast as possible to get away from ground zero. After we all said that we were ready, Adam said, [Okay, here goes nothing.]

A few seconds later, the earth began to shake. Softly at first, but it got more and more violent. It was working. The Earth's rumbling crust was pushing the object, whatever it was, upward.

Finally, I heard it pop aboveground. Adam stopped the Earthquake attack. We all streaked up, eager to get aboveground and see what it was.

We all popped up at the same time, with the exception of Adam, since he had been a lot deeper underground than the rest of us.

What we saw shocked us.

We had only seen it once

But things like that stuck to your mind.

There was no question what it was.

It looked like a spider, with 4 laser cannons and some weird sensors hanging out the front. The cockpit was small. It was a space fighter.

An Arachnid fighter.

Pay dirt.

## CHAPTER 5

We all looked around. It was a small deserted meadow. I recognized it; it was about 2 miles from the theater, which was on the outskirts of town. No one had seen us.

[Okay, I have a question. If an Arachnid fighter crashed here, why didn't anybody notice it?] Mark asked.

Good question.

[Scythers are headed our way at high speed. They're 2 miles away,] Jack warned as he came back after a recon run.

[Quick, get it back underground!] Mark told Adam.

As the rest of us demorphed, Adam dove into the ground and triggered another Earthquake that buried the Arachnia fighter again. Then we all morphed into Spearows and flew away before the Scythers could see us. Jack scampered away into the bushes.

The Scythers came closer, and we could hear their conversation.

"This is where the fighter should be," one Scyther announced.

"Yes. Let's start digging," another Scyther agreed.

The team of Scythers began digging. One of them grumbled, "I don't see why this is so important. It's just some experimental phase-cloak technology. We can conquer this planet without it."

[Phase-cloak?] Mark asked. [This is starting to sound like Star Trek.]

"That may be so," another Scyther spoke up, "but we'll need it to conquer other worlds. With this phase-cloak technology, our ships can make themselves invisible to all sensors. What's more, they can pass through any matter."

"Yeah, but they should've known better than to put the phase-cloak on an Arachnid fighter. Its computers are too small to handle it," the first Scyther commented.

[Uh, Adam, I think I know how the Arachnid fighter got to be underground,] Jack said.

\_ Adam replied.

[The Scythers said that the phase-cloak makes it possible for a ship

to pass thorough matter. So, for some reason, the Arachnid fighter must've crashed into the ground. However, the cloak must've been active at that time, so the Arachnid fighter literally passed through the Earth's crust until, because of some malfunction, the cloak stopped working and the fighter materialized miles underground,] Jack hypothesized.

[They mentioned that it's experimental. So a malfunction could've happened. It makes sense,] Jen added.

[I swear, we're turning into science geeks. I'll bet you that I'll even get a C on my next science test,] Mark joked.

[Okay. That's our best theory for now,] Adam said, ignoring Mark. [But what do we plan to do about it?]

[We can't let them become stronger than they already are,] I reasoned.

[Hey, this is some inter-stellar thingy. It has nothing to do with Earth. They were just test-driving it. This thing will not affect our own war with the Bleerks. It's not our fight, and it's not our problem. I say we go home and watch some cable. Sixty channels, there's gotta be something on,] Mark chimed in.

[Scared?] I teased.

[You bet I am,] Mark answered.

Then, one of the Scythors spoke up. "Hey, come on, dig faster. Konivor One himself is going to be here to see that this fighter is retrieved. We'd better work or we're Konivor One's lunch."

[Konivor One himself is going to be here?] Jack said, repeating the Scyther's words.

[Okay, NOW it's our fight. NOW it's our problem. We can eliminate Konivor One once and for all, and the other Bleerks will be much easier to deal with,] I said enthusiastically.

[We sit tight for now. Let's get more info,] Adam ordered.

We circled around for a while longer, riding the thermals relatively effortlessly. Occasionally, one of us split off to pretend to hunt, just to make it seem like we really were Spearows. After some more digging, the Scythors gave up.

"It's too far underground," one Scyther said. "We're just have to wait for a bigger work force."

"Konivor One's not going to like that," another Scyther said fearfully.

"Well, he's probably going to come himself during the next dig, so he can morph into something and make the dig go a lot faster. It's about time he did some work," the first Scyther grumbled.

Adam decided. We went to Jen's barn, demorphed, and went to our seperate houses.

## CHAPTER 6

The next morning, we regrouped at Jen's barn.

"Suggestions?" Adam asked, getting right down to business.

"We leave it alone. Who cares if the Bleerks get phase-cloak or whatever it's called technology? It doesn't affect our war against them," Mark said.

"No way. We can't let the Bleerks get stronger than they already are. Who knows? Maybe destroying their new technology will have advantages for us sometime in the future," I argued.

Jen stepped in as a mediator. "Mark and Steph both have a point. Attacking would cause unnecessary risk to us. However, it might also have some unforeseen advantages in the future."

[That's all good and valid, but there's one point that's a clincher,] Jack told us.

We all looked at him expectantly.

[Konivor One will be there. When he arrives, he won't be expecting an attack and will have his guard down. During those few minutes, we have a window of opportunity to get rid of him once and for all. The Endelytes, in their natural form, have no great weapons except for their tail. But we can stay well out of range of the tail and toast him.]

Adam nodded. "Yeah. We can't pass up an opportunity to get rid of Konivor One. With him out of the way, the other Bleerks will be much easier to take care of. I mean, we've slaughtered Scyther and Ceteecer soldiers twice so far, but Konivor One almost killed us both times."

"Oh man, I can't believe this," Mark groaned.

In the end, we decided to attack. We would wait in cover, then launch a surprise long-range attack.

We needed powerful morphs to take Konivor One down in one swift punch. Adam had his Jolteon, Mark had his Ivysaur, and I had my Magmar. However, Jen was missing a heavy long-range-firepower morph. So, all of us except Jack spent the entire day hunting for a good morph in the forest.

We came up with Marowak. Bonemerang was really accurate and could go a long distance. Plus, it could do some serious damage if it was thrown hard enough. Mark used his Ivysaur morph's Vine Whip to restrain the Marowak while Jen acquired it. Then we ran like scared Rattatas before the Marowak could use Bonemerang on us.

Meanwhile, Jack kept watch on the site of the dig. And the next morning (Sunday), he came bounding into Jen's barn.

Jack cried excitedly.

"Alright, let's go," Adam ordered.

We started morphing into Pigeots. Morphing isn't painful, but it sure is freaky. I could feel hear the crunching and squishing as my bones re-structured and my internal organs changed. My skin itched as feathers popped up. In front of me, Adam and Mark both looked like freakish birdboys. Then again, I probably didn't look much better. But for some reason, Jen's morphing was very...beautiful. She sprouted wings first, like an angel. The feathers elegantly appeared, and her legs became short and stubby, with powerful talons. The gorgeous Pigeot mane sprouted from her hair, a curling ranbow of long feathers. Finally, her face smoothly became bird-like. All this time, she was steadily shrinking.

[Let's do it!] I said when we finished morphing.

[I hate those 3 words,] Mark groaned.

We took off, rapidly accelerating. We flapped hard, since there were no thermals. It was really tiring. But hey, speeding to Mach 2 isn't an easy thing to do.

We slowed down about 2 miles away from the site, so that the Bleerks wouldn't hear the sonic boom. We could clearly see everything with our raptor eyes. Konivor One's Knife Ship was landing, and the Scythurs were standing careful guard around the landing area. I noticed that there were no Ceteecer there. Hmm. I guess those Ceteecer claws aren't much good for digging.

[Land and morph for battle,] Adam commanded. We swooped low, flared, and landed in the thick forestry.

We quickly began demorphing. We had worked this plan out a thousand times. If everything went according to plan, which they never did, we should be able to get rid of Konivor One. After we were fully human, we morphed for battle.

Moments later, we were a Jolteon, an Ivysaur, a Marowak, and a Magmar. Although Jack's Pikachu form could do a nasty Thunderbolt attack, it was decided that he would hang back in case anything went wrong (which was bound to happen).

We lay low, silently moving our way through the trees and bush, until we got a clear view of the landing Knife Ship. No sound was coming from its engines, since the engines were probably sound-supressed by the Bleerks' advanced technology.

[Fire on my mark,] Adam ordered.

[Aye aye boss man,] Mark replied.

Finally, the Knife Ship landed and a door opened. 2 rows of Scyther guards filed out, clutching Scorpio Cannons. They fire large, intensified bursts of Scorpio Beams, and could vaporize a 747 in one burst. Then, he came out. Our most dreaded foe. Pokemorph Enemy Numero One. Konivor One.

He stood there, tail raised menacingly. Endelytes in their natural form look peaceful and tranquil (well, except for that tail), but Konivor One's Endelyte body gave off a dark, threatening glow. I involuntarily shivered.

[You guys ready?] Adam asked.

[No, but I don't have much of a choice, do I?] Mark replied.

[Ready,] Jen said simply.

[Been ready,] I growled.

Then, Konivor One spoke up, [Well? Don't just stand there, you fools, get to--]

[NOW!] Adam yelled. He didn't bother to keep it in private thought-speak. All of the Scythors jumped in surprise at the sudden and very loud voice in their heads.

A Thunderbolt and a Fire Blast flew out, aimed right at Konivor One. They were followed by a Solarbeam and a Bonemerang. The attacks were right on target, but there was one thing that we'd forgotten to take into account: Scythors can react really fast.

A Scyther threw itself in front of Konivor One and got fried by Thunderbolt and Fire Blast. Thunderbolt went on to electrocute another Scyther before fizzing out. Fire Blast slammed right through 4 Scythors before it finally burned out. In all, half a dozen Scythors lay scorched on the ground. The Solarbeam, which was fired later, met even more obstacles. It slammed into 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 Scythors before Konivor One finally ducked out of the way and the 8 Scythors hit the side of the Knife Ship. The Bonemerang sent 2 Scythors flying before it hit Konivor One. It was the only one of our attacks that had actually hit Konivor One; however, it had lost a lot of momentum by that time, and didn't do much damage. The bone flew back and Jen caught it.

[We're under attack!!!] Konivor One yelled.

[Boy, he's a fast one, isn't he?] Mark said sourly.

[Bail!] Adam ordered.

We began running at top speed, demorphing along the way. Then, despite the protests of our tired bodies, we began to morph into our running morphs. Their Arachnid fighters could catch us in the air, but if we made a full-out run for it, we might lose them in the thick forestry. Or so we hoped.

I became a Sandshrew and Mark became a Primeape. Adam and Jen re-morphed into Jolteon and Marowak, since they could run just fine. Four Arachnid fighters descended on us, Scorpio beams flashing. BAM!! The ground in front of us erupted in flames, sending us flying. We all hit the ground hard, and the Arachnid fighters dove towards us to finish us off.

Perhaps it was some natural last-chance-for-survival Sandshrew instinct, but I began to dig underground. The last thing that I saw before I went underground was the Arachnid fighters landing and Scythors stepping out.

Then, I heard a frantic voice inside my head. It was Jack.

[I'm here,] I answered.

[Thank God,] Jack said, his relief evident.

[Well, God's not gonna help us out on this one. The others are either dead or have been captured,] I replied wryly.

[We gotta get them back, then!] Jack told me.

I sighed. [Easier said than done.]

## CHAPTER 7 (Jen)

The bone in my hand was immediately taken away by Scyther guards. They restrained us with some kind of force-field cuffs, and then roughly shoved us onto the Knife Ship. Mark began to protest, but was cut off by two Draco beams pointed at his face.

We were pushed into some kind of containment room, with cold metal walls everywhere and no visible openings. A big metal box. One of the Scythers told us that Konivor One would be along very soon.

[I don't plan to wait that long,] Adam announced when the guard left. He fired a bolt of electricity into the wall, trying to fry and melt it. It must've been some kind of really strong alien metal, because Adam didn't even scorch the surface.

[Great. Electricity can't punch through, my Solarbeam won't work because there's no sun here, and Jen's bone ain't here. Great. Terrific. Well, anybody bring a good book?] Mark said wryly.

[At least Steph and Jack are still out there. They'll try to get us out,] I pointed out.

[Ha, yeah, with what?] Mark replied. [Maybe our other morphs can penetrate this wall.]

Adam shook his head [They've probably got micro security cameras hidden somewhere here. If they catch us while we're humans...] he didn't have to finish.

[Thought-scream as long as you can, as loud you can,] I suggested, getting an idea.

[Why?] Mark asked.

[The others might hear us and pinpoint where we are. Maybe they can get us out, and maybe they can't, but at least they'll know where we are. That's better than nothing,] I explained.

[Yeah, sure, we've got nothing better to do. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!] Adam started screaming.

[AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!] Mark joined in.

[AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!] I began.

Throughout the entire ship, the guards must've been cringing and covering their ears.

(Steph)

I heard the screaming from the Knife Ship, as clear as a bell. I was a Pigeot and Jack was riding on my back, hunched low behind my neck to avoid the Mach 2 windblast.

[What the hell?] Jack asked.

I went into a slight bank toward the source of the sound. [I think it's the others. It's located on one of the rooms on the far right side of the Knife Ship.] Pigeots have excellent hearing.

[Let's go get them back!] Jack suggested.

I snorted even as I moved into position alongside and slightly above the Knife Ship. [With what? The entire U.S. Air Force? Besides, I don't think all of America's F-22s combined could beat these ships.]

[Well, we've gotta do something!] he retorted.

As we got closer, Jack observed, [I've seen this type of metal before. One of our satellites just discovered it in outer space. I think it was on some asteroid or comet or something. Anyways, it's incredibly hard. It can withstand the force of a nuclear blast. However, if you strike it at precisely 24.91 degrees, you'll cut through it like hot knife through butter.]

[Yeah, well, we've got a slight problem. See those photon cannons on the side? They'll blast us to bits if we make one wrong move,] I told him.

Jack jumped up and yelled, "CHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!" as he used Thunderbolt on the cannons. They erupted in fire.

[Problem solved.]

[Sweet,] I commented as I climbed up and then dove down, my incredibly smart raptor brain calculating my exact trajectory in order to hit the side of the ship at 24.91 degrees.

(Jen)

A loud alarm blared all over the ship, and the ship rocked unsteadily.

[I guess the others found us,] Mark commented with the Ivysaur equivalent of a grin.

Suddenly, one of the sides of our room shattered, and we found ourselves staring at a Pigeot with a Pikachu on top of it. Without second thought and without knowing what exactly we were going to do, we jumped out of the ship and plummeted straight down.

[Well that was dumb,] Adam said wryly after we had fallen about a thousand feet.

[We don't have enough time to demorph and remorph into birds. We've got to improvise!] I cried.



Thinking quick, Adam ordered, [Steph! Catch Jen with your talons and act as a parachute to slow her descent! Mark, use Vine Whip on a tree branch. Try to wrap your vines around it, so it can stop your fall just before you reach the ground.]

[What about you?] I asked as Steph's claws wrapped around my arms. It hurt, but pain was the last thing on my mind.

Adam gave me a grin. [Don't worry about me. Jolteons always land on their feet. Or was it their head? Oh well.] I knew that he had no idea what he was going to do, and he was trying to calm my fears. That's why he's such a great leader.

[Geez, you're heavy! Have you put on a few pounds, girl?] Steph teased as her powerful wings flapped, slowing my fall to less than 5 mph.

[Very funny,] I replied.

Ahead, Mark's vines wrapped around a branch and he made a 360 degree swing before the downward momentum gave out and he hung about 10 feet above the ground. His vines let go and he landed gently on a pile of leaves.

Adam was trying to make the best of a bad situation. He fired Pin Missiles into the trees, knocking off leaves to form a pile to cushion his impact. Still, he hit the ground hard, his legs tucked near his body and his eyes tightly shut.

[Adam!] I yelled as I quickly made my way over to him, the others in tow. He was bruised a little, and his eyes were shut in pain, but he was alive and conscious.

## CHAPTER 8 (Steph)

So, that ended our latest little escapade. Once again, Konivor One had escaped. However, so had we, and living to fight another day was better than nothing.

As soon as Adam demorphed, all of his wounds healed, so we had nothing to worry about. Now, the five of us hang out together almost every Saturday. Some of it is for talking, but most is for mock battles and training. We all knew that the only way to protect our homes from the Bleerk threat was to become stronger. So, every Saturday, we practiced fighting in secluded and enclosed areas.

We had been beaten three times, but had inflicted substantial casualties all of those times. This was guerillar warfare in the purest sense: we were wearing down the Bleerks, making their plans grind to a halt.

Now, let's see if we can keep it up for 5 more years.

End  
file.